

Rough Day

By: pictureswithboxes

Satsuki comes home from work after a meeting.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-06-01

Words: 1632

Original source: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/1722368>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Rough Day

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

Chapter 1

It was nearly nine thirty when Nonon was about to give up hope that Satsuki would be home before midnight. She had heard from Houka that Satsuki had an important meeting today with some ‘hard asses,’ but she didn’t think that Satsuki would be stuck in her meeting for more than *twelve hours*. It felt almost too ridiculous to Nonon. Almost. She’d been around for far more ridiculous things.

After resigning herself to another night alone, Nonon stood and made her way to the bedroom to change into her sleepwear. Just as she opened one of her drawers, Nonon heard someone unlocking the front door. Sometimes she cursed her abilities left over from her high school days, but this was not one of those times. There were only four other people who had a key to her and Satsuki’s apartment, and none of them would be dropping by do late. At least not unannounced.

“Hey, Sats.” Nonon called from the bedroom, frowning when she heard a grunt in reply.

Nonon listened as Satsuki padded through the apartment. She could visualize her fiancée’s path clearly as she changed. First Satsuki places her briefcase on the countertop, which was the first clank, the second was Satsuki getting out a teacup and turning on the kettle. Nonon stepped out of the bedroom right as Satsuki was rifling through the cabinets, no doubt looking for the green tea that was in the same place every night without fail.

“Try the top shelf.” Nonon said, earning a hum in reply as she walked over to the taller woman and wrapping her arms around her midsection from behind. “You put it there every night.”

“I know.” Satsuki sighed, finding what she was looking for and placing the box on the counter. “Would you like a cup?”

“No thanks.” Nonon replied, leaning into Satsuki’s back. “You always make it too bitter.”

“Your taste buds are that of a twelve year-olds’.” Satsuki said, there was no malice in her voice, but not humor either.

“Is everything okay?” She asked, pulling away from Satsuki.

“Of course. Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Don’t give me that bullshit. What’s wrong?”

The kettle whistled, giving Satsuki an excuse to remain silent. Nonon watched as Satsuki fixed herself a cup of tea, frowning when her fiancée took a sip almost immediately after. So it was going to be like this was it?

“You know...” Nonon started, leaning back on the counter. “If you don’t tell me what’s wrong, I can’t do anything to help you make it right.”

“You wouldn’t be able to do anything anyway.” Satsuki froze as soon as the words left her mouth.

“So there is something wrong?” Nonon felt a sly smile form on her face. She had Satsuki right where she wanted her. “Want to tell me?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Satsuki muttered, taking another sip of her tea.

“I can tell.” Nonon said, taking Satsuki’s free hand in her own. “But I can tell it’s really bothering you, so how about you just tell me, okay? Did your meeting not go well?”

“It went perfectly fine.” Satsuki replied, her tone darkening.

“Everything went off without a hitch. We went over every piece of information that we were supposed to, and all before ten. I was even complimented on my leadership of the company.”

“That’s good.” Nonon smiled, only for it to vanish when Satsuki tore her hand out of her grasp.

“I’m not finished.” Satsuki snapped, her voice dripping with venom. “One of the senior partners, who had worked very closely with the last CEO of REVOCS,” Nonon scowled at the mention of Satsuki’s mother. “Decided it be appropriate to say that the way that I ran my company was reminiscent of my mother, and that if I worked hard enough, one day I’d be just. Like. Her.”

The teacup in Satsuki’s hand broke from Satsuki gripping too tight, causing broken glass and tea to fall to the floor. Nonon jumped away from the mess, frown deepening when she noticed the blood seeping out of a wound on Satsuki’s hand. Satsuki looked at her cuts too and sighed, reaching for a towel to clean up her mess with.

“I’ll clean this up.” She said, her voice dull as she knelt to the floor and began picking up the pieces of her teacup. “Please, just... leave me be.”

“The hell I will.” Nonon growled, sinking down to her knees and grabbing Satsuki’s good hand. “Don’t you dare think for one second that I’m going to let you wallow in this all by yourself. I promised that I’d hold your hand forever and ever. That doesn’t fucking mean that I let you tear yourself up on the inside because you don’t want to talk about your problems.”

“But-“

“Shut up.” Nonon said, watching Satsuki’s eyes widen. “I agreed to marry you because I love you. And I’m not about to let the woman I love hurt like this.” Her eyes softened for a moment when she looked at Satsuki’s bloody hand. “Now, here’s what we’re gonna do; first we’re cleaning up your hand because it looks like it hurts, then we’re cleaning up this mess so we don’t get ants, then we’re going to sit down and talk. Okay?”

Satsuki nodded, her eyes at a downcast.

“Good.” Nonon said, standing up. “Now come on, we have a first aid kit in the bathroom.”

Nonon led Satsuki to the bathroom and had her sit on the counter while she searched the cabinets. After a couple minutes, Nonon emerged victorious and showed her findings to her fiancée.

“Okay, first we have clean it.” Nonon grabbed Satsuki’s hand and ran it under the tap. “Oh, it’s not so bad. Just one cut.”

“Thank you.” Satsuki muttered, watching as Nonon dried her hand with a pink towel and wincing when she sprayed disinfectant on the cut.

“No problem.” Nonon replied, wrapping the cut with a bandage. “There.”

Satsuki nodded and hopped off the counter.

“I’ll pick up this shit,” Nonon said, starting to grab the contents of the first aid kit. “You start on the kitchen.”

“Alright.” With that, Satsuki turned her heel and left.

When she knew Satsuki was at a safe distance away, Nonon threw her head back and let loose a loud groan. Out of everything that could have happened, it had to be that. Some asshole had to compare Satsuki to her mother, without so much as thinking about the consequences of said acts.

“Fucking hell!” She growled, slamming her hand onto the counter before aggressively putting everything away. “Fucking fuck. God-fucking-dammit!”

She threw the first aid kit back in the cabinet and walked to the kitchen, only to see that Satsuki had finished cleaning up her teacup mess. Satsuki offered her a weak smile, only to frown again when

Nonon did not return it. Instead, Nonon made a beeline for the sofa, Satsuki followed dutifully.

Nonon sat down, patting her lap for Satsuki to rest her head on. When the taller woman obeyed the silent command, Nonon immediately began to stroke her hair soothingly before speaking.

"I know it hurts." She said softly, looking down at her fiancée's face. "And if I could make sure none of it ever happened, I would. But I can't, and it did happen." Nonon paused, her frown deepening at the pained look on Satsuki's face. "It's frustrating when you don't talk to me, you know. You had to do so much all alone, I don't want you to feel the need to do that anymore. So please. Please, just tell me what's up."

"I..." Satsuki paused to lick her lips, her brow furrowing. "I try very hard to push her away. All I want to do is forget that she ever existed, to move on with my life... I just want to be happy without feeling her... presence looming over me. Like it's all going to go away, or that she's coming back. But the moment everything is finally going right. The moment I'm truly, completely happy, and I think that it's all behind me. That... idiot says that I'm. Just. Like. Her." Satsuki opened her eyes to look up into Nonon's. "I don't want to be like her, Nonon. I try so hard to not be like her, but... I don't want to be like her."

"You're not like your mother." Nonon sighed, pushing Satsuki's bangs out of her face. "... Let me rephrase that. You're powerful. You're intimidating. You don't take any shit. That's what reminds them of her. They don't think you're a murderous psychopath who gets her rocks off by thinking of aliens." Satsuki's brow furrowed with confusion. "They associate you with how your mother was when she ran the company. She never showed her sadistic side to the board members, did she?"

"No." Satsuki shook her head.

“You’re right.” Nonon nodded, leaning down to place a kiss on Satsuki’s forehead. “They think you’re like her business persona. What they don’t know, is that she wasn’t that persona, but for you... That’s just who you are.” Nonon sighed and took Satsuki’s left hand in her own, idly playing with the ring on her finger. “I’m not saying that it’s a compliment, or that you shouldn’t be upset that they say these things, but... to them it is.”

“I see.” Satsuki blinked a few times and looked up into Nonon’s eyes. “Thank you.” The corner of her mouth turned up slightly. “For making me talk. I really do feel better.”

“I know.” Nonon said, looking toward the kitchen. “Do you want me to make you some more tea?”

“In a little bit.” Satsuki replied, making no move to leave Nonon’s lap. “I’d like to stay like this for a while.”